

MS 2794
.S46
Copy 1



UNCLE SAM AND HIS NEPHEW :

TEMPERANCE,

AND

OTHER POEMS,

BY

REV. AUSTIN SCRIBNER,

MONTGOMERY, VT.





UNCLE SAM AND HIS NEPHEW ;

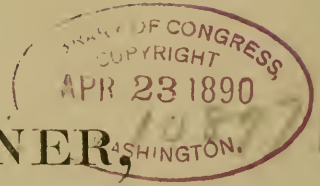
TEMPERANCE,

AND

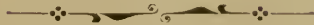
OTHER POEMS,

BY

REV. AUSTIN SCRIBNER,



MONTGOMERY, VT.



BARTON, VT. :
P. L. WEBSTER, PRINTER,
1890.

PS 2794
.546

Copyright, 1890, by the Author, A. Scribner, Montgomery, Vt.

Uncle Sam and His Nephew.

Nephew :

Good morn! Good MORNING, Uncle Sam!
Thou art become a fine, sleek man;
I called to ask you 'How you do?'
And, if *reports* I hear, are true?

Uncle Sam :

All right, come in—a chair, sit down,
How long sir, since you came to town?
Right glad to see my brother's son,
For he and I, were just like one.

Nephew :

I came this morn, the early train,
But cannot very long remain;
My business is of deep concern,
As you Sir, very soon will learn.

I know it doesn't always pay
To take much stock in what folks say,
For talk is cheap and always was,
However false or *real* the cause.

But then, I really do declare
There must be something wrong somewhere;
These folks are either telling lies,
And I can't see from out these eyes

Or else there's something wrong with *you*,
Now which is false and which is true?
They really *say* your'e getting rich—
Though some say *poor*, I don't know which.

Of course it must be one or t'other,
And since you were so fine a brother
And having such a strong desire
I thought I'd call, and just inquire.

For if this talk is *really true*—
That such a *fine, sleek* man as *you*
Are getting rich, by selling 'Rum,'
It's time the hellish work was done.

But truth to tell, I don't believe it,
So gross a crime I can't conceive it,
That such a man as *you*, should sell
This darkest, fiercest drink of hell.

How could you, sir, be thus so bold,
To sell this cursed stuff for gold;
To fill your coffers thus with blood,
Then fill out your returns to God?

Ah, no! I really can't conceive it,
So gross a crime, I don't believe it,
That *you* should thus bemean yourself
For gain of gold, that paltry pelf.

'Twould be too much like one of old,
Who sold his *Lord* for gain of gold,
But soon returned the paltry pelf
And went straightway and hanged himself.

'Twould be too much like gold for strife—
Too great a sacrifice of life—
When "eighty thousand" every year,
By far too bad for mortal ear.

Yes, "eighty thousand," every year!
No wonder you should quake with fear,
That such a man as *you might* be,
Should thus be 'whelmed in such a sea.

Ah, no! this thing can never be,
No sort of grounds for such a plea.
I don't believe you *could* do so,
You couldn't be so wicked, no!

But then, they say it is a fact
That you have done far worse than that;
That this is not the hundredth part
Of what you've done to crush poor hearts.

“Eighty thousand,” for one *decade*,
You see, would *ten* times worse be made ;
Then multiply this ten by ten,
’Twill give you just “eight millions,” then.

Just think of that! “eight million” souls
That you have sacrificed for gold!
Oh! can it be one-half is true,
Of such a “*Christian*” man as you?

All this, in just one hundred years,
Enough to flood the world with tears;
Though not one-half, as yet, is told
Of evils wrought by rum you’ve sold.

Just think of widows’ scalding tears,
That have been shed through all these years,
With orphans’ sad and bitter cry,
Who, pinched with want, must starve and die.

Could you but hear their piteous wail,
P’n sure your inmost heart would quail,
You could not bear the fearful weight
Of suffering shame which you create.

Eight million *men*, eight million *wives*,
Make SIXTEEN MILLIONS sacrificed ;
Then comes the children, sixteen more,
Just two to each, it should be FOUR.

But lest you say it’s much too large,
We’re making much too grave a charge,
We put it down at half the number,
And yet we know our friends will wonder.

Twice sixteen millions—thirty-two !
And all these millions charged to you ;
All sacrificed to “*DEMON RUM*,”
And this is not the *half* you’ve done,

For who can figure orphans’ tears
That have been shed through all these years ?
Who tells the sorrow of those hearts,
When crushed and ruined hope departs ?

Just come with me, my "Uncle Sam,"
Then figure on it, if you can ;
Behold the work which you have done!
Foot the amount, and give the sum !

Come with me now to yonder cot,
I know it is a dingy spot ;
But you're the man that made it so,
You've filled that little cot with woe.

See, yonder! 'neath that pile of straw,
The saddest sight man ever saw ;
See there the mother and the child,
See now, she looks at us so wild.

Ah, what a sad and fearful plight,
No wood, no fire, no food, no light ;
No bed, no clothes to keep her warm ;
So sick, so sad and so forlorn.

The child she bear is starved and dead,
Nor can the mother raise her head ;
And soon, she too, must starve and die,
And can you give the reason why ?

Once she was fair and strong and well,
As lithe and sweet as a marriage belle ;
Her husband too, and darling boy
Brought to her home the sweetest joy.

But now her earthly all is gone,
The husband, father, and the son ;
And she is left to starve and die,
And dare you state the reason why ?

I know it comes close home to *you* ;
But though so sad, it *must* be true.
Oh dear ! oh dear ! "Old Uncle Sam,"
As Nathan said, "Thou art the man."

You sold him rum ; he killed his son ;
The father, then, of course was hung.
"Me ! kill my boy !" the father said,
As to his charge the crime was laid.

“No, never! no! It was not me!
Such cruel act could never be!
No! it was not *me* that killed my boy—
My highest hope, my brightest joy.”

You killed that boy, “Old Uncle Sam!”
Now just deny it, if you can.
You sold him rum. *Rum* fired his brain,
And while thus mad, the boy was slain.

The father then was tried for crime,
When *you* were guilty all the time.
For murder, then, you had him hung,
So two were killed because of rum.

Beneath this fearful weight of woe
The mother sank, and sank so low.
And who’s to blame, there is no doubt
For you have brought it all about.

Nor think this one the only case—
Your *only* crime, so vile, so base.
’Tis only *one* of thousands more;
The thing’s repeated o’er and o’er.

Now let us go within those walls,
Walk through those lonely prison halls;
Just ask those prisoners, one by one,
The question, “Whither art thou come?”

They’ll tell you with united breath
That *rum* had caused their victim’s death;
But for it’s power they might be free;
So *this* must all be charged to thee.

See! Standing there close by those walls,
The one on whom this sorrow falls,
All bathed in tears, and sore distressed,
With baby clinging to her breast.

Her boon companion’s locked within,
Nor can she even speak to him.
You’ve stolen him away from home,
And she is left to weep alone.

Oh, "Uncle Sam!" Oh, "Uncle Sam!"
How could you be so bad a man,
To spread such woe and sin abroad,
Then die, and meet a holy God?

Uncle Sam :

Charge this to *me*, you little *scamp*?
Dare not! or you shall soon recant.
I'm not to blame for all this crime;
The sin is *yours* as much as mine!

I've been accused of quite enough;
I'll hear no more of this vile stuff!
And now, sir, if you do not stop it,
I'll thrust you through this gate and lock it.

Nephew :

All right! all right! I know you can,
For you are much the stronger man;
But then I know that right is right,
And truth will surely come to light.

No matter what becomes of me,
If I am what I ought to be;
For right is right and must prevail,
And truth is truth and can not fail.

So do not think to *frighten* me,
For that can *never, never* be.
I think I know what I have said,
And I'll stick to it till I'm dead.

You'll not scare me to take it back,
So you will please remember that,
For there is One who knows full well
The step of those in league with hell.

Uncle Sam :

But do you know, my little man,
Him you address as "Uncle Sam?"
Do you consider *who* he is,
That all this wealth of gold is his?

These myriad acres, too, of land,
Washed on each side by ocean's strand,
With inland seas and rivers wide
On which large ocean steamers ride?

See you those lofty mountains, piled
With rocks and forests dense and wild,
With hill and dale and fertile plain,
So rich with flocks and herds and grain ?

See you those richer mines of ore,
While railways stretch from shore to shore ?
See you the town and village mart,
In which so many share a part ?

See you that strange electric light,
Which turns to day the darkest night ?
See you the spindle, saw and lathe,
Which doth so much of labor save ?

See those huge vessels on the seas,
With stars unfurling to the breeze ?
See all those mighty "Men of War,"
Canst tell me, sir, what these are for ?

The telegraph, the telephone,
Strange though it be, are all my own.
All these are mine, and thousands more,
For earth yields me her richest store.

At my command men rise and fall ;
I sway the scepter over all ;
So if you would *protection* find,
Be sure, sir, that you always mind.

Nephew :

I see, dear uncle, you *are* rich ;
I'm glad, at last, I've found out which ?
But, sir, how came you by it all—
Both town and city, great and small ?

Did you procure it by deceit ?
Or did you purchase it with wheat ?
Ah, yes ; I see just how 'twas done,
You got it, sir, by selling rum !

If I could sell the cursed stuff,
I'd soon be rich, and rich enough ;
But then, I fear the consequence,
It would be such a gross offence.

No, sir ; I'd rather poor remain
Than sell this "cursed stuff" for gain.
I'd rather like a "*Lazarus*" die,
Than hear the orphans piteous cry

Than be like "*Dives*," whom they say,
Was clothed in purple every day.
He fared most sumptuous all the while,
And lived in grandest, richest style.

But when at length the man was dead,
In hell he lifted up his head
And cried for water—just one drop—
But was refused the slightest jot.

Now think what profit for his gain ;
He heaped his riches all in vain ;
For better would it been for him,
If he, himself, had never been.

So would it be for "Uncle Sam,"
Far better, than so rich a man,
To die as poor as "*Lazarus*" was,
Than to get rich in such a cause.

For when the time of death shall come,
The course of life be fully run,
The torments none on earth can tell,
Of those who lift their eyes in hell.

Uncle Sam :

See here! See here! you little brat,
Dare you suggest such stuff as that?
Think you that *I* shall go to hell?
A man so sleek, so fine, so well?

Dare you to treat your uncle so,
From whom might fall such fearful blow?
Beware, sir, lest on *you* it fall,
However much for grace you call.

No, sir ; I'll hear no more of this,
So I forewarn you to desist,
Nor dare to speak another word,
Lest moved to wrath, my voice be heard.

You charge this cursed stuff to *me*,
While *any* one can plainly see
That it is not your "Uncle Sam"
More than it is some other man.

Just reconsider what you've said,
Before to me this crime is laid.
I've never sold one *drop* of rum,
No, not *one drop*, beneath the sun.

Nephew :

Correct, dear uncle ; that is true ;
No man has ever bought of *you*,
Nor can they do it, I'll admit,
For you have never sold a bit.

Now why should *you* be so much blamed,
Since all these facts are thus explained ?
Why should you be so much accused ?
Too bad ! *too bad!* you *are* abused.

I'll take it back, all I have said,
Nor shall this curse rest on thy head ;
For you are not the one at all
On whom this weight of sin should fall.

Of you, this stuff, no man has bought ;
You've never sold a single drop ;
So you are hence, forever free,
As *any* one can plainly see.

So you to *war* have never been,
Old England's shores you've never seen ;
You've never sailed across the seas,
Nor stars unfurled before the breeze.

In fact, I know not *what* you've done ;
Scarce *anything* beneath the sun ;
For what you've charged your boys to do,
Of course could not be charged to *you*.

They are the ones who are to blame ;
On *them* must rest the guilty stain.
So after all you are not so bad ;
I've had my doubts, and *always* had.

Now since I own that you are clear,
Your wrathful voice I need not fear.
You've never done one single thing
Of what these folks against you bring.

You've just stood by, and seen your boys
Rob all our homes of all our joys ;
Our brightest hopes have blighted been
Because the father "LICENSED" them.

The boys, of course, you will *protect*,
Because they do as *you* direct.
You *license* them to sell this curse,
Now who's to blame, and which is worse ?

Thus all the crime that has been done
In consequence of selling rum,
Is charged to him, whose right it was
To put in force some righteous laws.

So you can easily evade
The *sin* and *crime* of ten decades.
Go wash your hands in INNOCENCE
And rest at ease in consequence.

But, hold! Who is this "Uncle Sam?"
However good, or bad a man,
But *you* and *me*, and thousands more?
A fact we *can not* well ignore.

We hold the reins in our own hands,
We have the law at our command ;
We have the power to stop this woe.
Now will we do it? Yes, or No?

The Brook.

A SOLILOQUY.

Sing on, sweet brook, we hear thy song,
Pursuing thus thy course along,
A-rattling o'er the stones and rocks,
Through pastures green, 'mid herds and flocks,
Adown the hills, across the plain,
Along the mead, through grass and grain,
On, on you speed, through town and ville,
You laughing, sparkling, sportive rill.

Hold on, please now, just wait a bit,
As on your banks awhile I sit ;
Along which grow the alder bush,
The fern and daisy, flag, and rush.
Please let me sport with you awhile
And catch your cheerful, winsome smile.
What! can not stop, nor give a look ?
You willful, scornful, *hateful* brook.

Please now, don't run so fast, I pray,
But list awhile to what I say ;
Please now, within this cooling shade
Whilst I enjoy a pleasant wade.
My feet are aching for a bath,
Hold on, please now, just in this path,
Pile up your waters ankle deep,
While I shall bathe my aching feet.

Why not, sweet brook, grant my request,
Stop in this shade, stay back and rest ?
Why should you in such hurry be,
Thus rushing onward toward the sea ?
The sea already has enough,
Already fearful deep and rough.
Please stop right here and let us play
Just one brief hour! why don't you, say ?

Me, stop and play? and me a brook?
Why, just consider how 'twould look!
A brook, to cease its onward flow,
Would just the height of folly show,
Nor should I ever reach the sea,
Nor meet the end designed for me.
Nay, stop me not, lest I am done;
To be a brook, a brook must run.

Bathe if you will, as on I go,
You'll not harm me by doing so.
The worst of usage I'll endure,
By running I shall soon be pure.
I'd just as soon, if you think meet,
To wash your hands as wash your feet;
Yea, slake your thirst or turn your mill,
But can do *nothing* standing still.

See in my waters sportive fish,
Which you consider such a dish.
If I should cease my onward flow
These "speckled beauties" could not grow.
Yea, all in me you love so well,
And which I have no right to sell,
Would hence, forever cease to be,
As you can most distinctly see.

On I must go, down to the mill,
For all those wheels are standing still.
The miller's waiting for me now,
I can not bother *anyhow*;
The farmer's waiting for his grist,
I wish you would at once desist,
And let me on my mission go,
Nor dare again to plague ME SO.

Hope and Despair.

We're tossed on the billowy ocean of life,
Upheaved and depressed with commotion and strife,
Absorbed in our business and family care,
Exultant with hope and oppressed with despair.

But which way soever the storm tempest blows,
The tide ebbs as much, near-about, as it flows.
Our joys and our sorrows, did we but compare,
We have as much hope as we have of despair.

Did we *notice* our joy as much much as our grief,
We might be afforded a kind of relief,
But we brood o'er our grief and hover our care,
Than give up our hope and sit down in despair.

We ought to be hopeful and buoyant and glad,
Instead of so doubtful, so mournful and sad;
Trust God for protection, for guidance and care,
Rejoicing in hope and give up our despair.

Then let the proud waves of old ocean roll on,
Their rough, surging billows will sooner be gone.
If we only are right, we soon shall be where
We shall glory in hope, quite free from despair.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 871 637 9 ●